

Titus and Berenice,
A
TRAGEDY,
Acted at the DUKE's
THEATRE
With a FARCE called the
Cheats of Scapin.

By Tho. Otway.

*Grandis Oratio non est Turgida
Sed Naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Pet. Arb.*

Licensed Febr. the 19th. 1674.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N :

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Titus and Berenice

TRAGEDY

As the Duke

THE

With a large

Chorus of Scapin

By the

Compos'd by the

Author of the

THE

THE

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN EARL OF
ROCHESTER.

One of the Gentlemen of his Majesties
Bed-Chamber, &c.

My Lord,

Dedications are grown things of so nice
a Nature, That it is almost impossi-
ble for me to pay your Lordship those
Acknowledgments I owe you, And not
(from those who cannot Judge of the Sentiments
I have of your Lordships Favours) incur the
Censure either of a sawner or a flatterer. Both
which ought to be as hateful to an Ingenious Spi-
rit as Ingratitude. None of these would I be guilty
of, and yet in letting the World know how Good
and how Generous a Patron I have, (in spite of
Malice) I am sure I am honest.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

My Lord,

Never was Poetry under so great an oppression as now, as full of Phanaticism's as Religion, where every one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, sets up a Doctrine of his own, and hates a Poet worse then a Quaker does a Priest.

To examine how much goes to the making of one of those dreadful things that resolve our dissolution. It is for the most part, a very little French breeding much assurance, with a great deal of talk and no sence.

Thus he comes to a New Play, Enquires the Author of it; and (if he can find any) makes his personal misfortunes the Subject of his malice to some of his Companions, who have as little Wit and as much ill Nature as himself; and so to be sure (as far as he can) the Play is damn'd.

At night he never fails to Appear in the With-drawing room, where he picks out some that have as little to do there as himself, who mustering up all their puny Forces damn as positively, as if like Muggleton it were their gift, when indeed they have as little right to Wit, as a Journey man Taylor can have to Prophecy.

Wit,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Wit, which was the mistress of former Ages, is become the Scandal of ours; Either the Old Satyr to let us understand what he has known Damns and decryes all Poetry, but the old; or else the young affected Fool that is impudent beyond Correction, and ignorant above instruction, will be Censuring the present; tho he misplace his wit as he generally does his Courage, and ever makes use of it on the wrong occasion.

How great a Hazard then does your Lordship run in so stedfastly protecting a poor Exild thing that has so many Enemies! Bnt that your Wit is more Eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your Goodness greater than any Malice or Ill Nature can be. I am sure (and I must own it with gratitude) I have tasted of it much above my Merit, or what even Vanity might prompt me to expect; Though in doing this, I shall at best but appear an humble debtor, who acknowledges honestly what he owes, though to keep up his Credit he must be forc'd to borrow more; For my Genius alwayes led me to seek an interest in your Lordship; and I never see you, but I am fir'd with an Ambition of being in your Favour:
for

The Epistle Dedicatory.

for all I have receiv'd, the highest return I am able to make, is my acknowledgmen, in which I can hardly distinguish whether my Thankfulness or my Pride be the greater, when I subscribe my self

Your Lordships

**Most Obliged and most
Devoted Servant,**

THO. OTWAY.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Underbill.

Gallants our Author met me here to day,
And beg'd that I'd say something for his Play.
You Wags that Judge by Roar, and damn by Rule,
Taking your measures from some Neighbour fool,
Who has Impudence a Concomitant useful Tool:
That always are severe you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the By:
With very much ill Nature, and no Wit,
Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd Sir,
And wish your Silly selves divers the Part.
You Men of Sense, who heretofore allow'd,
Our Author's Follies; make him once more proud,
But for the Younger, that new are come from France,
Who's Heads want Sense, though heels abound with dance:
Our Author to their Judgment won't submit,
But swears that they who so infect the Part,
With their own Follies, ne'er can Judge of Wit.
'Tis thence he chiefly favour would Implore,
And Fair Ones pray oblige him on my Score.
Confine his Foes, the Fops within their Rules,
For Ladies you know how to manage Fools.

[To the Boxes.

Persons

Persons Represented in the Tragedy By

<i>Titus Vespasian</i> , Emperour of Rome	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Antiochus</i> , King of Comagene	Mr. Smith.
<i>Paulinus</i> , The Emperours Confident	Mr. Medbourn.
<i>Arsacus</i> , <i>Antiochus</i> his Confident	Mr. Crossly.
<i>Rutilius</i> , A Tribune	Mr. Gibbon.
<i>Berenice</i> , Queen of Palestine	Mrs. Lee.
<i>Phenice</i> , Her Confident	Mrs. Barry.

The SCENE ROME.

Persons Represented in the Farce. By

<i>Thrifty</i>	Two old Merchants.	Mr. Sandford.
<i>Gripe</i>		Mr. Newber.
<i>Octavian</i>	Their Sons	Mr. Norton.
<i>Leander</i>		Mr. Percival.
<i>Scapin</i> , A Cheat		Mr. Anth. Leigh.
<i>Shift</i>	<i>Scapin</i> Instruments	Mr. Richards.
<i>Sly</i>		Mr. ...
<i>Lucia</i> , <i>Thrifty's</i> Daughter,		Mrs. Barry.
<i>Clara</i> , <i>Gripe's</i> Daughter.		Mrs. Gibbs.

The SCENE DOVER.

TITUS.

TITUS
and
BERENICE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.
A Palace.

Enter Artiochus and Arsaces.

Artiochus.

THOU my *Arsaces* art a Stranger here,
This is th' Apartment of the Charming Fair,
That *Berenice*, whom *Titus* so adores,
Thy Universe is his, and he is hers:

Here from the Court himself he oft conceals,
And in her Ears his charming story tells,
Whilst I a Vassal for admittance wait,
And am at best but thought importunate.

Arsac. You want admittance! who with generous care
Have follow'd all her Fortunes every-where,
Whose Fame throughout the World so loudly rings,
One of the greatest of our Eastern-Kings.
As once you seem'd the Monarch of her Breast,
Too firmly seated to be dispossest,
Nor can the pride she doth in *Titus* take,
Already so severe a distance make.

Artio. Yes! still that wretch *Artiochus* I am.
But Love! oh how I tremble at the name;
And my distracted Soul at that doth start,
Which once was all the pleasure of my heart,

Since *Berenice* has all my hopes destroid,
And an Eternal silence on me laid.

Arfac. That you resent her pride, I see with Joy,
'Tis that which does her gratitude destroy;
But Friendship wrong'd should into hatred turn,
And you methinks might learn her Art to scorn.

Anti. *Arfaces*, how false Measures dost thou take,
Remove the *Poles*, and bid the *Sun* go back:
Invert all *Natures* Orders, *Fates* Decrees,
Then bid me hate the Charming *Berenice*.

Arfac. Well, love her still, but let her know your pain,
Resolve it you shall see, and speak again;
Urge to, her face your rightful Claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as she is proud.

Antio. *Arfaces*, No, she's gentle As a Dove,
Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's all Love,
And owes so little for the Vowes I've made,

That if she pity me, I'm more than paid. [Enter *Rutilius*.
But see the man I sent, at last returns.
Oh how my heart with Expectation burns.

Rutilius, have you *Berenice* seen?

Rut. I have.

Antio. Oh speak! what says the Charming Queen?

Rut. I prest with difficulty, through the Croud,
A throng of Court-Attendants round her stood.
The time now past of his servers retreat,
Titus laments no more his Fathers fate.

Love takes up all his thoughts, and all his cares,
Whilst he to meet these mighty Joys prepares:

Which may in *Berenices* arms be found,
For she this day will be *Rome's* Emperess crown'd.

Anti. What do I hear? Confusion on thy tongue!
To tell me this, why was thy speech so long?

Why didst not Ruine with more speed afford?
Thou mightst have spoke and kill'd me in a word.

But may I not one Moment with her speak,
And my poor heart disclose before it break?

Rut. You shall; for when I told her what you design'd,
She sweetly smil'd, and her fair head inclin'd:
Titus ne'r from her had a look more kind.

[Enter

[Enter Berenice and Phœnicia.]

She's here.

Berenice, At last from the rude Joy I'm freed,
Of those new Friends whom my new fortunes breed,
The tedious form of their respect I shun,
To find out him whose words and heart are one.
Antiochus, for I'll no flattery use
Since your neglect I justly may accuse,
How great your Cares for *Berenice* have been,
Ev'n all the *East*, and *Rome* it self have seen,
In my worst fate I did your friendship find,
But now I grow more Great, you grow less kind.

Antio. Now durst I hope, I would forget my smart,
So well she understands to sooth my heart.
But, Madam, its a truth by Rumour spread,
That *Titus* shall this night possess your bed.

Ber. Sir, All my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Though half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell;
So much did *Titus* for his Father mourn,
I almost doubted Love would ne'r return;
He had not for me that Assiduous heat
As when whole days fixt on my Eyes, he sat.
Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brows did dwell;
Oft came and lookt, said nothing but farewell.

Ant. But now his kindness he renews again,

Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompence his pain
For that, if any Faith may be allow'd,
Two thousand Oaths, two thousand times renew'd;
Or any Justice in the Powers Divine,
Antiochus, He'll be for ever mine.

Antio. How she insults and triumphs in my ill,
Sh'as with long practice learnt to smile and kill.
Oh *Berenice*, Eternally farewell.

Ber. Farewell! good Heav'n! what Language do I hear;
Stay! I conjure you Sir--- by all's that dear.

Antiochus, What is it I have done?
Why don't you speak?

Antio. Madam I must be gone.

Ber. How Cruelly you use me! I implore
The Reason——

Ant. I must never see you more.

B 2

Ber.

TITUS and BERENICE

Ber. For Heav'n's sake tell, you wound me with delay.

Ant. At least remember I your Laws obey.

Why should I here wretched and hopeless stay?

If the remembrance be not Extinguish'd quite,

Of that blest place where first you saw the light;

'Twas there, oh there began my Endless smart,

When those dear Eyes prevail'd upon my heart,

Then *Berenice* too, my Vowes approv'd,

Till happy *Titus* came and was belov'd.

He did with Triumph and with Terror come,

And in his hands bore the Revenge of *Rome*.

Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone

First felt his weight, and found my self undone.

Ber. Hah!

Antio. You too, then t'increase the pains I bore,

Commanded me to speak of Love no more.

So on your hand I swore at last t'obey;

And for that taste of Bliss gave all away.

Ber. Why do you study ways t'afflict my mind,

You believe Sir, I am not unkind.

Alas I'm sensible how well y'have serv'd,

And have been kinder much than I deserv'd.

Antio. Why in this Empire should I longer stay,

My Passion and its weakness to betray.

Others, though I retire, will bring their Joys,

To Crown that Happiness which mine destroys.

Ber. You triumph thus, because your pow'r you know,

Or if you did not, you'd not use me so.

Though Crown'd *Rome's* Empress, I the Throne ascend;

What pleasure in my Greatness can I find,

When I shall want my best and truest Friend.

Ant. I reach your purpose, you would have me there,

That you might see the worst of my despair.

I know it, the Ambition of your Soul;

'Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool.

Yet came this time but to new freight my heart,

And with more Love possess than ever part.

Ber. Though it could never enter in my mind,

Since *Cesar's* Fortunes must with mine be join'd.

That

That any Mortal durst so hardy prove,
T'invade his Right, and talk to me of Love.
I bear th' unpleasing Narrative of yours,
And Friendship, what my Honour thuns, endures.
Nay more; Your parting, I with trouble hear,
For you next him, are to my Soul most dear.

Antio. In Justice to my Memory and Fame,
I fly from *Titus*, that unlucky Name.
A name which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
Whilst my poor heart lies bleeding at your feet.
Farewel: Oh be not at my Ravings griev'd,
When of my death the news shall be receiv'd,
Remember why I di'd, and what I liv'd-----

[*Ex. Antiochi.*

Phen. I grieve for him, a Love so true as this,
Deserv'd, methinks, more fortunate success.
Are you not troubled Madam---

Ber. Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quell.

Phen. You should have staid him.

Ber. Who, I stay him? no,
From my Remembrance rather let him go.
His Fancy does with wild Distraction rove,
Which thy raw ignorance, interprets Love.

Phen. *Titus* his thoughts, yet to unfold, denies.
And *Rome* beholds you but with jealous eyes.
Its rigorous Laws, create my fears for you;
Romans no Forrain Marriages allow
To Kingly Power still enemies th'ave been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.

Ber. *Phenicia*, no, my time of tear is past,
Me *Titus* loves, and that includes the rest.
The splendor of this night thou hast beheld,
Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd?
These Eagles fasces, marching all in state:
And crowds of Kings that with their Tributes wait,
Triumphs below, and Blessings from Above,
Seem all at strife to grace this Man of Love.
Away *Phenicia*, let's go meet him strait,
I can no longer for his coming wait.

My

TITUS AND BERENICE.

My Eager wishes drive me wildly on;
Nor will be tempor'd till my Joy's begun.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Titus, Paulinus, Attendants.

Titus. **T**Oth' Syrian King, did you my Message bear?
And does he know that I expect him here?

Paul. Sir, in the Queens appartment, He alone
Was seen, but e'r I there arriv'd, was gone.

Tit. 'Tis well Paulinus for these ten days past.
I have to Berenice a stranger been:
But you can tell me all---- how does the Queen?

Paul. She does, what speaks, how much she values you;
When you mournd for your Father, she mournd too.
So Just a Sorrow in her face was shown,
It seem'd as if the Loss had been her own.

Tit. Oh lovely fair one; little dost thou know [aside.
How hard a Trial thou must undergo.
Heav'n! oh my heart!

Paul. What is't your Grief should raise
For her whom almost all the East obeys.

Tit. Command Paulinus that these retreat, { Paul. moves his
Rome of my purposes uncertain yet, { hand and all the
Expects to know the fortune of the Queen; { rest extant.
Their Murmurings I have heard, and Troubles seen.
The business of our Love, is the Discourse,
And expectation of the Universe.

And by the face of my affairs, I find,
'Tis time that I resolve and fix my mind.
Tell me Paulinus, justly, and be free,
What says the World of Berenice and me?

Paul. In every heart you Admiration raise:
All, Your high Vertues, and her Beauty praise.

Tit. Alas! Thou answerst wide of my desire,
Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher
How do they of my sighs and vows approve?
Or what expect they from so true a love?

Paul.

TITUS and BERENICE

7

Paul. Love or not love, Sir, all is in your power,
The Court will second still the Emperour.

Tit. Courtiers *Paulinus* seldom are sincere
To please their Master they have too much care.
The Court did *Nero's* horrid Acts applaud,
To all his lusts subscrib'd, and call'd him God,
Th' Idolatrous Court shall never judg for me,
No, my *Paulinus*, I rely on thee:

What then must *Berenice* expect? declare,
Will *Rome* be gentle to her, or severe?
My happiness is plac'd in her alone.
Now they have rais'd me to the Imperial Throne,
Where on my head continual cares must fall,
Will they deny me what may sweeten all?

Paul. Her virtues they acknowledg and desert
Proclaim indeed she has a Roman heart:
But she's a Queen, and that alone withstands
All which her beauty and her worth demands.
In *Rome* the Law has long unalter'd stood,
Never to mix it's race with strangers blood.

Tit. It is a sign they are capricious grown,
When they despise all virtues but their own.

Paul. *Julius*, who first subdued her to his Arms,
And quite had silenc'd Laws with Wars alarms,
Burning for *Cleopatra's* loves to Fame
More just fled from her eyes, and hid his flame.

Tit. But which way from my heart shall I remove,
So long establish'd and deep rooted love?

Paul. The Conflict will be difficult I guess,
But you your rising sorrows must suppress;
Who can a heart that's not his own controul?
Her presenee was the comfort of my Soul.

Tit. After a thousand Oaths confirm'd in tears,
By which I vow'd my self for ever hers,
I hop'd with all my Love and all her charms,
At last to have her in my longing Arms.
But now I can such rare perfections crown,
And that my love's more great than overgrown,
When in one hour a happy Marriage may
Of all my five years vows the tribute pay.

I

TITUS and BERENICE

I go Paulinus----- how my heart does rise.

Paul. Whether?

Tit. To part for ever from her eyes,
Tho I requir'd th' assistance of thy zeal,
To crush a passion that's so hard to quell.
My heart had of it's doom resolv'd before,
Yet *Berenice* does still dispute the war.
The conquest of so great a flame must cost
Conflicts, in which my soul will oft betost.

Paul. You in your birth for Empire were design'd,
And to that purpose Heav'n did frame your mind;
Fate in that day wise providence did shew,
Fixing the destiny of *Rome* in you.

Tit. My youth rejoyc'd in love and glorious wars,
But my Remains of life must waste in cares.

Rome, my new Conduct, now observes 'twould be
Both ominous to her, and mean in me,

If in my Dawn of power to clear my way
To happiness, I should her Laws destroy :
No, I've resolv'd on't, Love and all shall go;
Alas! it must, since *Rome* will have it so.
But how shall I poor *Berenice* prepare?

Paul. You must resolve to go and visit her,
Sooth her sad heart, and on her patience win,
Then by degrees-----

Tit.-----But how shall I begin?

Oh my *Paulinus*, I have oft design'd
To speak my thoughts, but still they stay'd behind.
I hop'd as she discern'd my troubl'd Brest,
She might a little at the cause have guest;
But nought suspecting, as I weeping lay,
With her fair hand she'd wipe the tears away,
And in that mist never the loss perceiv'd
Of the sad Heart she had too much believ'd;
But now a firmer constancy I take,
Either my heart shall vent its grief, or break.
I thought to have met *Antiochus*, and here
All I e're lov'd surrender'd to his care.
To morrow he conducts her to the East,
And now I go to sigh, and look my last.

Paul.

Paul. I ne're expected less from that Renown,
Which all your Actions must with glory crown.

Tit. How lovely's glory, yet how cruel too!
How much more fair and charming were fac now,
If through eternal dangers to be won.
So I might still call *Berenice* my own.
In *Nero's* Court where I was bred, my mind
By that example to all ill inclin'd;
The loose wild paths of pleasures I pursu'd,
Till *Berenice* first taught me to be good.
She taught me Vertue, but oh I curs'd *Rome* I pursue
The good I owe her, must her wrong become.
For so much Vertue and Renown so great
For all the Honour I did ever get:
Her for whose sake alone, I fame pursu'd,
I must forgo to please the Multitude.

Paul. You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd,
You have the bounds of *Asia* enlarg'd,
Even t' *Euphrates*, her wide power extends;
So many Kingdomes *Berenice* commands.

Tit. Weak Comforts, for the Greeks must on her dwell
I know fair *Berenice*, and know too well
To greatness she so little did incline,
Her heart ask'd never any thing but mine.
Let's talk no more of her, *Paulinus*.

Paul. Why!

Tit. The thought of her, but shakes my constancy,
Yet in my heart if doubts already rise,
What will it do when I behold her eyes?

Enter *Rutilius*.

Rutil. Sir, *Berenice* desires admittance here.

Tit. *Palinus*— Oh!

Paul. Can you already fear?
So soon are all your resolutions shock'd.
Now, Sir, 's the time—

[*Ex. Paul.*]

Enter *Berenice*, *Phaenicia* and attendants.

Tit. I have no power to look.

Ber. Sir, be'n't displeased, that I thus far presume,
It is to pay my gratitude I come.
Whilst all the Court assembled in my view,
Admire the Favour you on me bestow;

It were unjust, should I remain alone,
 Silent, as though I had a sense of none.
 Your mourning's done, and you from griefs are freed
 Are now your own, and yet not visit me?
 Your present of new Diadems I wait.
 Oh! give me more content, and less of state.
 Give me a word, a sigh, a look at least,
 In those th' Ambition of my Soul is plac'd.
 Was your discourse of me when I arriv'd?
 Was I so happy may it be believ'd?
 Speak, tell me quick, is *Berenice* so blest;
 Or was I present to your thoughts at least?

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, by the Gods I swear,
 That *Berenice* is always in my heart.
 Nor time, nor absence, can you thence remove,
 My heart's all yours, and you alone I love.

Ber. You vow your Love perpetual and sincere,
 But 'tis with a strange coldness that you swear.
 Why the just Gods to witness did you call?
 I don't pretend to doubt your faith at all.
 In you I trust, would only from you live;
 And what you say I ever must believe.

Tit. Madam!

Ber. Proceed: Alas, whence this surprize!
 You seem confus'd to turn away your eyes.
 Nothing but trouble in your face I find,
 Does still a Father's death afflict your mind?

Tit. Oh, did my Father good *Vespasian* live?
 How happy should I be!

Ber. Ah, cease to grieve!
 Your tears, have reverenc't his memory now.
 Cares are to *Rome*, and your own glory due.
 A Father you lament, a feeble grief,
 Whilst for your absence I find no relief.
 But in your presence only take delight,
 I, who shall dye, if but debar'd your sight.

Tit. Madam, what is it that your grief declares?
 What time d' you choose? For pity's sake forbear.
 Your Bounties my Ingratitude proclaim.

Ber. You can do nothing that deserves that name;
 No,

No Sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my Love.

Tit. No Madam! No, my heart (since I must speak)
Was ne'er more full of Love or half so like to break.
But----

Ber. What?

Tit. Alas!

Ber. Proceed.

Tit. The Empire Rome----

Ber. Well.

Tit. Oh, the dismal secret will not come---
Away *Pauline*, ere I'm quite undone.
My Speech forsakes me and my heart's all stone.

[*Ex. Tit. Paul.*]

Ber. So soon to leave me, and in trouble too?
Titus how have I this deserv'd from you?
What have I done, *Phanicia*? tell me, speak.

Phan. Does nothing to your memory appear:
That might provoke him---?

Ber. By all that's to me dear,
Since the first hour I saw his face, till now,
Too much of Love, is all the guilt I know.
Thus silence is too rude, and racks my breast,
In the uncertainty I cannot rest,
He knows, *Phanicia*, all my moments past.
Perhaps he's jealous of the Syrian King;
'Tis that's the root whence all this change must spring.

Titus, this Victory I shall not boast.
I wish the Gods would try me to the most.
With a more potent Rival, tempt my heart,
One that would make me greater than thou art.
Then my dear *Titus*, shouldst thou soon discern,
How much for thee I all mankind would scorn.
Let's go, *Phanicia*, with one gentle word
He will be satisfied, and I restor'd:

"My Injur'd truth by my compliance find,

"And if he has a heart he must be kind.

Exeunt Omnes.

Ends the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Titus, Antiochus and Arsaces.

Tit. **A**ntiochus! y^e have done your Friendship wrongs
In that y^e have kept this Secret hid so long:
What is't that your departure does incite,
Which not unjustly, I may call a Fright?
Tho' on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd,
So highly seem with Fortunes favour grac'd:
As if the nothing further had to grant:
I more than ever, do your friendship want.

Ant. Sir, your great kindness I so well did know,
I durst not stay where I so much did owe.
When first *Judas* heard your loud alarms,
You made me your Companion in your arms.
Nay, nearer to you did with friendship joyn,
And lodg'd the secrets of your Brest in mine.
Yet all this goodness but augments my sin,
For I have false and most ungrateful been.

Tit. I can't forget that to your arms alone,
I owe the half of all I ever won:
Witness those precious Spoils you hither brought,
Won from the *Jews* when on my side you fought.
To all those Purchases I lay no claim;
Your heart and friendship are my only aim.

Ant. My Heart! my Friendship! Heav'n, how you mistake!
On my deceit how weak a gloss you make!
When first you thought your self of me possest,
You took a very Serpent to your brest.

Tit. *Antiochus*, I find where thou art stung,
Tell me th' officious Slave that does me wrong.
Some base Detractor has my Honour stain'd,
And in your easie heart a Credit gain'd.
Abus'd and told you *Titus* is unjust;
But I will know th: treacherous Fiend, I must.

Tho

Tho you unkindly from your friend would run,
And own th' unjustice which you think I've done.

Ant. Oh *Titus*, if I durst but speak my heart;
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part.
'Tis not from you, it is from *Rome* I fly,
There's a Disease in't, I must flun or dye.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When most your friend, I shall appear your foe.

Tit. I either to your heart a stranger am;
Or sure *Antiochus* is not the same:
What else should make you not your mind declare?
What is't that you dare say, I dare not hear?

Ant. If then, what e'r I utter, you dare hear,
Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear.
But arm your heart with Temper; well 'tis this:

Tit. Go on,

Ant. I love the charming *Berenice*.

Tit. Hah!

Ant. Yes, nor was I hateful to her Eyes,
Till you came on and robb'd me of the prize.
When at your Armies head you did appear,
You sackt *Jerusalem* and conquer'd her.

Tit. A braver Rival I'd not wish to find,
Than him that dares be just and tell his mind.
So far's Resentment from my heart remov'd;
That *Berenice* is by my friend belov'd.
That I, *Antiochus*, the thing extol,
For she was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that shall possess her;

Ant. True,

But 'tis fit none should be so blest but you,
And *Berenice* for none could be design'd,
But him that's the Delight of all Mankind.
'Tis for this cause to *Syria* I repair,
For when you 're blest no envy should be near.

Tit. O my *Antiochus*, when thou shalt see,
How small's the happiness in store for me:
Thou needst not fear thy Envy, let me have
Thy pitty and thy aid, 'tis that I crave.

My best and truest friend, you must be so;
For there's none fit for't in the World but you.
None but a King, my Rival and my friend,
Is fit to speak the torments of my mind.
In my behalf you *Berenice* must see.

Antio. Is that an office, *Titus*, fit for me?
Is't not enough her Cruelties I bear,
But you must too, sollicite my despair?
I swore for ever from her to depart;
Alas! and dare not trust again my heart.
Your passion by another may be shown,
I have enough to do to rule my own.

Tit. He that so well his own misfortunes bears,
Can best instruct her how to temper hers.
Nay, my *Antiochus*, you must not start.
I know by mine, your news will shake her heart,
For I must too, for ever from her part.

Antio. You part?

Tit. Yes! curst necessity! 'tis true,
She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you;
In whom alone I sum'd up all Delight,
Must be for ever banish'd from my sight.

Antio. It cannot be. No Slave that wears her Chains,
Upon so easie terms his Freedom gains.

Tit. Lord of the World my Empire wide does flow,
I can make Kings, and can depose 'em too.
The stubbornst hearts must to my power bow down,
And yet I am not Master of my own.
Rome that to Kings so long a foe has been,
Will not admit my marriage with the Queen.
If *Berenice* to morrow be not gone,
The Multitude will to her Palace run;
And from their rude outrageous tongues, she'll hear
The news I dread to tell, and you to hear.

Antio. Now if my heart was to Revenge all'd,
How might I triumph in her falling Pride!
To see her Cruelties to me repaid,
And with 'em all her tortur'd soul upbraid.
But, *Titus*, I'm more just, and rather mov'd,
That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.

Tit. When I the Imperial Power did first assume,
 I firmly swore to uphold the Rights of Rome;
 Should I to follow Love, from Glory fly,
 Forsake my Throne, in every Vallal's eye,
 How mean and despicable must I prove!
 An Emperor led about the World by love!
 No, Prince, the fatal story you must tell,
 And bid from me, poor *Berenice* farewell.
 But if the hopes of reigning in my heart
 May any ease to her sad mind impart;
 Swear, friend, by all that to my Soul is dear,
 Entire I will preserve her ever there,
 Mourning at Court, and more exal'd than she,
 My Reign but a long Banishment shall be,
 From all those Joys that wait on Pomp and Power;
 To morrow she her journey hence must take,
 And so I all that e'er I lov'd, forsake.
 Her to your Care and Conduct I commend;
 For tho' my Rival as a King and Friend,
 The dearest Treasure I dare with you trust;

Antio. Sit, do not tempt me, lest I prove unjust;
 Her charms that made me my own Fame forgo,
 Will be too apt to make me false to you;

Tit. No more; I know thee, have thy Honour try'd,
 Firm still in Dangers found thee by my side.
 Thou knew'st my Love, whilst thine was yet conceal'd,
 When all thy hopes by my success were quell'd;
 Even at that time, thou didst no falshood show, [Exit *Titus*.
 And wilt not wrong me on advantage now.

Antio. No, I'll not see her, neither dare I go;
 Too soon from others her hard lot she'll know.
 Dost thou not think her Fate's enough severe,
 Unless that I th' unwelcome Message bear?
 I who'm her hate, enough have felt before,
 And need not seek new ways to purchase more.

Arfa. See, she approaches, now the Coward play,
 And when you might have Conquer'd run away.

Enter Berenice and Phœnicia.

Antio. Oh Heaven!

Ber. My Lord, I see you are not gone,
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would shun.

Antio. You came not here *Antiochus* to find,
The visit to another was design'd.

Cesar, and 'tis on him the blame must light,
If now my presence here offend your sight.

Th' are his Commands, are guilty of the sin:
It may be else I had at *Ostia* been.

Ber. His friends are always with his presence Grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be so blest.

Antio. Too much his prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your sake alone I was detain'd.

Ber. For mine? away.

Antio. Tyrannick fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here only to talk of you.

Ber. Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly art,
'Tis are brave and should not mock an easie heart.
In my distress, what pleasure could you see?
Alas! or what could *Titus* say of me?

Antio. Better a thousand times than I can tell,
So firm a passion in his heart does dwell.
When you are nam'd, he's from himself transform'd,
And every way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his face does like a Tyrant rise,
And Majesty's no longer in his eyes.
But there are things behind I dare not speak:
For at the news your tender heart would break.

Ber. How Sir?

Antio. Ere night the truth of what I've said you'll know,
And then, I doubt not, justify me too.
Farewell.

Ber. Oh, Heaven what can this Language mean!
You see before your eyes a wretched Queen.
Sir, of my quiet, if you have such care,
Or if my self your eyes held ever dear,
Dispel this mist of trouble from my Soul.

Antio. Madam, your self excuse,

For

For your own sake it is that I refuse.

'Twill not be long before the doubt's remov'd.

Ber. You told me once *Antiochus*, you lov'd;

But sure 'twas only that you might betray;

Or else you more would fear to disobey.

Antio. I disobey you, ask my life and try,

How gloriously I for your sake can dye.

It would by far, be the more welcome fare.

Then now to speak, and ever gain your hate.

Ber. No Sir, you never shall my hatred find,

'Tis my desire, and you must be so kind.

Will you? --

Antio. Heaven this constraint is worse than death,

You drive, and will not give me time to breath.

Oh, Madam! put me too no further pain.

Ber. Must I then ever beg, and beg in vain?

Hence forward Prince, either the truth relate,

Forbear or be assur'd for ever of my hate.

Antio. My heart was always yours, and is so still:

For ever must depend upon your Will.

I wish another way, your power you'd try'd:

But you 're resolv'd, and must be satisfi'd;

Yet flatter not your self, I shall declare,

Those horrors which perhaps you dare not hear.

You cannot but believe I know your heart,

Look then to feel me strike its tender'st part.

Titus has told me.

Ber. What? fear no Surprise.

Antio. That he must part for ever from your eyes.

Ber. We part! can things another nature take?

Or *Titus* ever *Berenice* forsake?

Antio. Perhaps 'tis strange that I shou'd tell you so,

But you shall find I'll do him justice too,

What ever in a heart both kind and great

Love with despair most dreadful could create.

I saw in his he weep's, laments, and more,

Then ever do fair *Berenice* adore.

But what avails it, that such love he shows?

A Queen suspected to *Rome's* Empire grows.

And *Titus* cannot with her Laws dispence,

For therefore 'tis you must be banish'd hence.

Ber. What do I hear, alas *Phenicia*!

Antio. Nay, to morrow is your last and utmost day,
In bearing this the Courage well you'll prove
Of that great haughty Soul which scorn'd my love.

Ber. Will *Titus* leave his *Berenice* forlorn?
He who so many Oaths, so oft hath sworn
Fle not believe't, his love and faith's more strong,
I'm sure he's guiltless and you do him wrong.
This is a snare to disunite us laid,
Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead.
No, strait I'll see him, and secure all fear.
Let's go.

Antio. Too well you may behold him here.

Ber. Too well you wish it to perwade it, No;
In this your base degenerate Soul you show.
When you no other stratagem could find,
T' abuse my heart you would betray your friend.
How e're he prove, Know, I your sight abhor,
And from this minute never see me more.

Antio. Oh *Berenice*! remorseless cruel fair!
Born only for my torment and despair,
Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd?
Is this the recompence I have deserv'd?
I who for you did all Ambition waste,
And left a Kingdom to become your Slave.
Curse on my Fate!

Ber. If ere my heart you priz'd,
You never had this cruelty deyn'd,
Never to work my Torment, been thus bold;
And so Triumphantly the story told.
Away *Phenicia* no more I'll hear him speak.

Exe. Ber. Pha.

Antio. Now, my *Assest*, would my heart but break
But yet I hope in part I've freedom won;
And what love would not, by her hate shun's done.
The pain I lately endur'd thou hast beheld,
I left her all Enamour'd, Jealous, Wild,
But now performing this ignoble part,
Perhaps, I'll ever banish her my heart.

Sho

She left me cruelly, and let her go;
My Honour and Repose command it too,
For ever to my eyes a stranger be,
Till I have learn't to scorn as well as she.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Berenice in disorder.

Ber. **I** Of my wrong too well am satisfied;
To see the perjur'd *Titus*, twice I try'd.
Twice for admittance to him begg'd in vain:
Nor is *Phanicia* yet return'd again.

Phanicia has no answer to bring back.

Intgateful *Titus* will not hear her speak:

But hides himself and from my fury flies:

Nor will have sense, though *Berenice* dies. [Enter *Phanice*.]

Phanice, Well, my *Titus* hast thou seen?

What will he come and make me live again?

Pha. Madam, the Emperor I alone did find;

And saw in his the trouble of your mind;

I saw the tears he would have hid run down.

Ber. But was he not sham'd they should be shown?

Look't he not as he thought his Love disgrace?

And was not all the Emperor in his face?

Pha. Doubt it not, Madam, he will soon be here;

But wherefore will you this disorder wear?

Your ruff'd dress let me in order place;

And these dishevel'd locks that hide your face.

Ber. Forbear, *Phanice*, let it all alone!

No, he shall see the triumph he has won;

How vain those foolish ornaments prove!

If neither faith nor tears nor means can move!

Enter Antiochus, Arfaces.

Oh, my unruly sorrows! Oh, my fears!
Who's here?

Antio. Arfaces, Berenice in tears;

Ber. Antiochus! Phœnice, let's away,

To let him see my torments I'll not stay. [Ex.

Antio. Now whither's all my resolutions gone?

Arfaces, who could see't and be his own?

I said I'd never see her face again:

But come and find my boastings all were vain;

Seeing her sufferings, all her scorn forget,

And lose at once my vengeance and my hate.

VVretched *Antiochus*! with how much care

And labours, my own mischiefs I prepare!

How poorly all my injuries have born!

Hopeless, undone and to my self a scorn,

Leave me alone unhappy as I am:

I would not have a witness of my shame.

Enter Titus Attended.

Tit. 'Twas cruel not to see her, Oh my heart!

And now I go to see her, but to part.

Rutilius, fly and sooth the Queens despair,

And for our meeting *Berenice* prepare.

Antio. What have you done, Sir? Berenice will dye

I saw her hence with hair dishevel'd fly.

'Tis only you her fury can surcease.

When e're you're nam'd she's instantly at peace.

Her eyes still bent to your apartment were,

And every moment seem'd to wish you near.

Tit. Antiochus, assist me what to do.

I'm not prepar'd, for the sad Interview.

I have not yet consulted well my heart,

And doubt it is not strong enough to part.

Since first I took possession of the Throne,

What is it for my honour I have done?

My love and folly only I've disclos'd,

And nothing but my weaknesſes expoſ'd.
 The golden days where are they to be found,
 So much expected, when this head was Crown'd?
 Whoſe tears have I dry'd up? or in what face
 Can I the fruits of any good aſt trace?
 Know I what years Heaven has for me decreed?
 And of theſe few, how few are to ſucceed?
 And yet how many have I ſpent in waſt!
 But now to honor I'll make greater haſt.
 Alas! 'tis but one blow and all is paſt.

Enter Berenice, preſſing from Rut. and Paul.

Ber. Let me alone, your counſels all are weak.
 See him I muſt, he's here, and I will ſpeak.
 Has *Titus* then forſook me? is it true?
 Muſt we too part, does he command it too?

Tit. Oh! ſtop the deluge, which ſo fiercely flows;
 This is no time to allay each others woes.
 Enough I feel my own afflictions ſmart,
 And need not thoſe dear tears to damp my heart.
 But if we neither can our griefs command,
 Yet with ſuch honour let 'em be ſuſtain'd.
 As the whole World to hear it told ſhall ſmart;
 For deareſt *Berenice* we muſt part.
 And now I would not a diſpute maintain,
 Whether I lov'd, but whether I muſt Reign.

Ber. Reign (*Cruel*) then and ſatiſſie your pride,
 And for your Cruelties be deif'd.
 I'll ne'er diſpute it farther, I but ſtay'd
 Till *Titus* who ſo many vows had made,
 Of ſuch a Love as nothing could impair.
 Should come himſelf and tell how falſe they were,
 Now I believ't, enough I've heard you tell,
 And I am gone— eternally farewell,
 Eternally— Ah, Sir, conſider now,
 How harſh that word is and how dreadful too.
 Conſider, Oh the Miſeries they bear,
 That are for ever rob'd of all that's dear.
 From this ſad Moment never more to meet,

Is it for day to dawn, and day to set,
In which I must not find my hopes still young,
Nor yet once see my *Titus* all day long?
Heav'n's how I wildly rave— to lose my pains
On him ungrateful that my tears disdain!
Of all those days of absence I shall count,
With him, the number will to nothing mount.

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, there will be no need
To count the days that shall your loss succeed,
I hope e're long that you will hear from same,
How very wretched and how just I am.
My heart bleeds now, I feel the drops run down;
Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

Ber. Ah why, Sir, must we part if this be true?
My claims to Marriage I'll no more renew.
Will *Rome* accept of nothing but my death?
Or why d'ye envy me the air you breathe?

Tit. Madam, you are too powerful every way,
Shall I withstand it? no, for ever stay,
Then I from bliss must always be debar'd,
And on my heart for ever keep a guard.
With fears through all my course of Glory move,
Lest e're aware I lose my self and Love.
Ev'n now my heart is from my bosom stray'd,
And all its swellings on a sudden laid.
Bent thus to you by all Love's softest powers,
And only this remembers that 'tis yours.

Ber. O *Titus*, whilst this charming tale you tell,
D'ye see the *Romans* ready to rebel?

Tit. How they will look on the affront who know,
If once they murmur and then fall to blows:
Must I in Battel justify my Cause,
Or if they should suborn and set their Laws,
How must I be expos'd another day,
And for their Patience too, how largely pay.
With Grievances and wild Demands still curs'd,
Shall I dare plead the Laws that break 'em first?

Ber. How much you are an Emperor now I find,
'Tis plain in your unsteady anxious mind
You weigh your People's Rights to your own fears.

But

But never value *Berenice's* tears?

Tit. Not value 'em! Why are you so unjust?

Now by the honour of my Father's dust,

By Heav'n and all the gods that govern there,

It to me any thing be half so dear,

May I be as a Slave, depos'd and serve,

Or else forlorn in some wild Desert starve,

Till I'm as wretched as my ills deserve.

Ber. Laws you may change, why will you for their sake,

Into your breast eternal sorrows take?

Rome has her Priviledges, have not you

Your Int'rests, your Rights as sacred too?

Say, speak.

Tit. Alas! how do you rend my breast!

I know indeed I never can have rest;

And yet the Laws of *Rome* I cannot change,

Do, break my heart and take your full Revenge.

Ber. How weak a Guard does now your Honor keep!

You are an Emperor, and yet you weep!

Tit. I grant it, I am sensible I do,

I weep, alas! I sigh and tremble too.

For when to Empire first I did attain,

Rome made me swear I would her Rights maintain.

I did, and must perform what I then vow'd,

Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd;

And 'tis their Honor: yet in leaving you,

All their Austerest Laws I shall out-do.

And an Example leave so brave and great,

As none shall ever after imitate.

Ber. To your Barbarity there's nothing hard,

Go on, and Infamy be your reward.

Long since my fears your fallhood had display'd,

Nor would I at your Sute have longer stay'd.

Would I the base Indignities had born

Of a rude People, publick Hate and Scorn?

No, to this breach I would have spur'd you on,

And I am pleas'd it is already done.

No longer shall the fear of me prevail;
 Alas! you must not think to hear me rail;
 Or Heav'n invoke, its vengeance to prepare;
 No, for if Heav'n vouchsafe to hear my Pray'r,
 I beg no memory may there remain,
 Of either your Injustice, or my Pain. [Kneels.
 But the sad *Berenice* before she dies,
 Is sure to have Revenge if you have eyes.
 Nor, *Titus*, need I go to find it far,
 No further than that heart, I have it there: [Points to his breast.
 Within your self shall rise your dreadfulst foe;
 My past Integritys, my Torments now;
 Which you, ungrateful perjur'd Man, have bred,
 My blood which in your Palace I shall shed.
 Sufficient terrors to your Soul shall give,
 And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave.

[Exit furiously]

Paul. Thus, Sir, at least the Conquest you have won,
 The Queen you see's contented to be gone.

Tit. Curse on thy *Roman* Rudeness, that canst see
 Such tears, unmov'd, and mock such Misery!
 Oh! I am lost, and 'tis in vain to strive,
 If *Berenice* dies, I cannot live.
 Fly and prevent that Fate to which she's gone.
 Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own. [Exit Rut.

Paul. Sir, if I might advise, you should not send,
 Rather command her women to attend;
 They better can her Melancholy cheer;
 The worst is past, and now 'tis mean to fear.
 I saw your melting Pity when she wept,
 And my rough heart but very hardly scap'd.
 Yet look a little farther and you'll find
 That spite of all your fortune yet is kind.
 What triumphs the whole World prepares, you'll see,
 And then hereafter think how great you'll be.
Tit. Who for Barbarity would be ador'd!
 I hate my self, *Not* so much abhor'd,
 That bloody Tyrant, whom I blush to name;
 Was never half so cruel as I am.

No

No, I'll pursue the Queen, she loves me still,
VVill pardon me when at her feet I kneel:
Let's go, and let proud *Rome* say what it will.

Paul. How Sir?

Tit. By Heav'n I know not what I say:
Excess of Sorrow drives my mind astray.

Paul. O follow where your full Renown does lead,
Your last adieus Report abroad has spread.

Rome that did mourn, does now new triumphs frame,
The Temples fume with Offerings to your name:
The people wild in the applause y'have won
With Laurel Wreaths to crown, your Statues run.

Tit. By that their Salvage natures they betray,
For so wild beasts roar o'r their murder'd prey.
VVho would have sense the sweets of power to prize!
Since most in danger when we highest rise:
For who by Greatness e'r did happy grow?
None but the heavy Slave is truly so.

VVho travels all his life in one dull road,
And drudging on in quiet, loves his load.
Seeking no farther than the needs of Life,
Knows what's his own, and so exempt from strife,
And cherishes his homely careful wife.
Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing higher;
Has all, because he cannot much desire.
Had I been born so low, I had been blest
Of what I love, without controul possess:
Never had Honour or Ambition known,
Nor ever to be Great, had been undone.

[*Shout within.*]

Paul. The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their State,
T'th' name of all the Empire for you wait,
They'r follow'd too by an impatient throng,
VVho seem to murmur, you delay so long.

E

Titus,

Tit. Toyle me no more, disperse that clamorous Rout:
 Tell 'em they shall no more have cause to doubt;
 The Queens departure they'll to morrow see,
 And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
 Take this *Paulinus*: bear it to the Queen, [*Writes on a Tablet.*]
 For should we meet, I must relapse again;
 I h've bid her here eternally adieu,
 Stay while she reads it, and her troubles view,
 And bring me faithful word, as thou art true.
 Hold! oh my Heart! yet go, it must be done,
 For what's necessity, we cannot shun.
 Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
 Or a new Being to my self could give.
 Some monstrous and unheard of Shape now find,
 As Salvage, and as Barbarous as my mind.
Antiochus!

Enter Antiochus, Attendants, Arfaces.

Ant. My last Adieu to pay,
 I come, and dare in *Rome* no longer stay.
 My griefs, and my afflictions, grow so high;
 If not by absence slacken'd, I must dye.

Tit. What reason have the happy to repine?
 Now *Berenice* for ever will be thine.
 VVith all her charms receive her to thy breast,
 And be of all I ever lov'd, possess.

Ant. It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my pain:
 I ever kneel to *Berenice* again!
 No, should I stay to see you when you part,
 Tho I am sure the sight would break my heart,
 Yet she, as still my prayers have been deny'd,
 Tho I but beg'd one blessing ere I dy'd,
 Even then with scorn would throw me from her side.

Tit. Oh Heaven! she's entring, from her Charms lets fly,
 I know my weakness; if I stay, I dye.

Meet;

Meet, and prevent her—

[Ex. Titus.]

Enter Berenice, &c.

Ber. How he hasts away!
Ingrateful! Dearest Perjur'd *Titus*, stay. [kneels.
Afflictions catch him, great as those I bear.
My Lord, at last I have receiv'd my Doom:
'Tis seal'd; but ere I part from you and *Rome*,
I ask, and I your pardon would receive:
Can you the wrongs which I have done, forgive?

Ant. I never any Injuries did find;
No, *Berenice* has always been too kind.
With one soft word, how suddenly I'm lost,
And have no sense of my disgraces past!
But must I then for ever lose you so?
I am no *Roman*, nor was ere your foe.
No, rather here continue, and be Great,
Whilst I live ever hopeless at your feet.

Ber. Should I stay here and my wrongs tamely bear
From him that shuns, and flies me every where?
I have a nobler mind, and you shall see
I can disdain and scorn as much as he:
For tho' 'tis true, I never can be yours;
Both *Rome* and him my heart this hour abjures.

Ant. To banish him your heart, whilst you prepare,
VWhat will you do with all the Love that's there?
There's no one Mortal can deserve it all,
And sure a little to my share might fall.

Ber. Oh of that killing Subject, talk no more,
I would have lov'd you, if I could, before.
Love for another struck me with his Dart,
And 'tis not in my power to force my heart.

Ant. When first my Passion was disdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your esteem.
But now at last his breach of Faith you see,
And bear it nobly too: how can it be
T' your self so Just, and yet so hard to me?

Ber. What cruel storms, and fierce assaults you make,
To batter down a heart you cannot take !
Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'r ?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.

Antio. O stay, since of the Victory you are secure,
Pitty the pains and anguish I endure ;
In wounds which you and none but you can cure. } [*Kneels.*
Look back, whilst at your feet my self I cast,
And think the sigh that's coming is my last.
My heart it's sad eternal farewell takes :
Be but so kind to see me when it breaks.

Ber. Rise, rise my Lord. The Emperor's return'd.
Conduct me hence, let me not more be scorn'd.

Enter Titus.

Tit. How am I lost ! I resolve on what I will,
Spite of my self I wander this way still.
Why would you *Berenice* my presence shun ?

Ber. No ! I'll hear nothing, I've resolv'd on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my sight ?
Why come you thus to exasperate my despair ?
Are you yet not content ? I know you are.

Tit. If ever yet my heart was dear to yours ;
By all our plighted vows, those softest hours
In which for ever to be true I swore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.

Ber. I till to morrow had your leave to stay ;
But my resolves are to be gone to day.
And I depart.

Tit. No journey must you take.
Would you poor *Titus* in his griefs forsake ?
No ! Stay---

Ber. I stay ! Ungrateful as you are.
For what ? a Peoples rude affronts to bear.
That with the sound of my misfortune rend
The Clouds, and shouts to Heaven in Vollys send ?
Does not their cruel joy yet reach your ears,
Whilst I alone Torment my self in tears ?
By what offence or crime are they thus mov'd ?
Alas ! what have I done, but too much Lov'd ?

Tit.

Tit. D'you mind the voice of an outrageous throng?
I ever thought your constancy more strong.
Never believ'd your heart so weak could be,
Whose powerful charms had captivated me.

Ber. All that I see distraction does create,
These rich Apartments and this Pompous State.
These Places where I spent my happiest hours,
And plighted all my Vows, false Man, to yours.
All, as most vile Impostors I detest,
How strangely, *Titus*, might we have been blest!

Tit. This art to torture souls where did you learn?
Or was it in your nature with you born?
Oh *Berenice*! how you destroy me!

Attendants, bring your Chair nearer.

Ber. No,

Return and to your famous Senate go;
That for your cruelties applaud you so.
Have you not honour to your full delight?
Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more inextinction can you do?
Have you not ever sworn to hate me too?

Tit. Can you do any thing to make me hate?
Or can I ever *Berenice* forget?
This hard suspicion was unjustly urg'd,
'Gainst a poor heart too much before surcharg'd.
Oh Madam! know me better, and recall
The wrong, since first I at your feet did fall.
Count all the single days and minutes past,
Where in my vows and my desires I prest.
And at this time your greatest Conquest know,
For you were never so belov'd as now.
Nor ever----

Ber. Still your Love you'd have me own,
Yet you your self command me to be gone.
Is my despair so charming to your view?
D' you think the tears I shed are all too few?
O such a heart, a vain return you make,
No never call those dear Ideas back.
But suffer me in this belief to rest;
That secretly, long since exil'd your breast,

I only from a faithless wretch depart,
And one that never lays the loss to heart.
If you had Lov'd me, this had nere been sent,
Here you have commanded me to banishment. [*Opens the Tablets*]
What wondrous Love you bear me this doth shew.

Read, read, ungrateful, read and let me go. [Gives him the Tablets]

Tit. You shall not go, I have not given consent,

Nor will I ever to your banishment.

Your cruel resolution I descry,

To be reveng'd of me you seek to dye.

And then of all I love, except the pain,

Nought but the sad remembrance will remain.

Antiochus ! be thou a witness here

Of all my misery and my despair.

{ Ber. *sinks down in*
a Chair.

Antio. Despair's a Theam I only understand;

You, if you will, your wishes may command.

Such Beauty ready for possession see,

And leave that ugly hag Despair, to me.

Tit. — Antio. Behold those eyes how dull and dark they grow!

Madam, when at your feet I fall thus low,

[*Kneels.*

Vouchsafe my sad afflictions to believe,

Alas! 'tis all the ease I'm like to have.

When first the dreadful minute I beheld ;

That by my duty and the Laws compel'd,

I found it forc'd that you must hence depart.

Though nothing e're can banish you my heart.

'Twas then my soul had first a sense of fears,

Foreseeing your reproaches and your tears.

I then expected, Madam, all the weight

Of woes that can on worst misfortunes light.

But whatsoever fears oppress my heart,

I find I but foresaw the lesser part.

I thought my vertue not so apt to bow;

And am afham'd 'tis thus intangled now.

Ber. Let me alone and vex my soul no more.

You of your vertue talk't enough before.

Urge it not still to aggravate my shame.

When Crown'd with conquest from the wars you came,

I know you brought me but to fill your state;

For else the triumph had not been complete.

Tit.

Tit. Since you have then resolv'd: It shall be so.
 And judg by this, if y'are beloy'd or no.
 No longer Torments on my soul shall prey,
 Since I to freedom see so brave a way:
 A way by more than one great Roman shown,
 Who, when their Misery's had prest 'em down,
 Propt from within, shook off with life, the weight, & offers to
 And thus fell nobly grappling with their fate. *[Stab himself]*

Ber. Oh stay! to wrong me more what way dy'e take?
 Would *Titus* die for *Berenice's* sake?
 I see the blow you cruelly prepare
 To wound that breast where I, you say, have share.
 To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done,
 No, rather strike this heart, that's all your own.

Tit. Best of thy sex! and dearest, now I see—
 How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee.
 Hence ye, perplexing Cares, that clog a brain,
 Whilst struck with extasie, I here fall down. *[Kneels]*
 Thus at your feet a happy prostrate laid,
 I'm much more blest than if the world I swaid.

Ber. Now the blest *Berenice* enough has seen: *[Kneels]*
 I thought your Love had quite extinguish'd been:
 But 'twas my error, for you still are true.
 Your heart is troubled, and your tears I view.
 Ev'n my worst sufferings much o'repaid I see,
 Nor shall th' unhappy world be curst for me,
 Nothing since first 'twas yours, my love would shake,
 So absolute a Conquest did you make.
 But now I'll bring it to the utmost test,
 And with one fucal Act crown all the rest.

Tit. Hah! tell me *Berenice* what will you do?

Ber. Far from your sight and *Rome* for ever go:
 I have resolv'd on't, and it shall be so.

Tit. *Antiochus*! I'm born to be undone;
 When I the greatest conquest thought t'have won:
 Ev'n in my noblest race I am out-run.
 But thou wer't always gen'rous, always kind;
 Your enlarg'd Kingdom shall to hers be joyn'd.
 And now how much you are my faithful friend;

In being so to her, you'll best express
Never forsake her in sad distress.
Where e're she goes, for ever with her be.
And sometimes in my absence sigh for me.

Antio. Arfaces! on thy bosome let me lye,
VVhilst I but take one last dear look, and die.

Ber. No live: and by a generous strife out-do
Us both, and of your self be conqu'rous too.
Farewel.

Let us all three a rare example prove:
Of a most tender though unhappy love.
Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I restore.
Farewell and reign, I'll never see you more. [Ex. Ber.]

Antio. Oh Heaven!

Tit. She's gone and all I valu'd lost:
Now Friend, let *Rome*, of her great Emp'r's boast.
Since they themselves first taught me cruelty,
I'll try how much a Tyrant I can be.
Henceforth all thoughts of pity I'll disown,
And with my arms the Universe ore-run.
Rob'd of my Love, through ruins purchase fame,
And make the world's as wretched as I am.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

The

Cheats of Scapin.

Act First. Scene First.

Enter *Ostavian* *Shift*.

THIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you say he is return'd already

Sh. 'Tis but too true.

Of. That he arriv'd this Morning?

Sh. This very Morning.

Of. And that he is come with a resolution to Marry me?

Sh. Yes, Sir, To Marry you.

Of. I am ruin'd and undone, prithee advise me.

Sh. Advise you?

Of. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no good. Speak: Has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Sh. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busie in Contriving some Trick to save my self, I am first prudent, and then good natur'd.

Of. How will my Father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happen'd in his absence? I dread his anger and reproaches.

Sh. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him so easily, methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Of. Disinheriting is the least I can expect.

Sh. You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in Love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover-Coach*, she is indeed a good smug Lass, but God knows what she is besides, perhaps some—

Of. Villain.

Sh. I have done, Sir, I have done.

Off. I have no Friend that can appeale my Father's anger, and now I shall be betrayed to want and misery.

Sh. For my part, I know but one Remedy in our misfortunes.

Off. Prithce what is it?

Sh. You know that Rogue and arch-Cheat *Scapin*.

Off. Well, What of him?

Sh. There is not a more subtle Fellow breathing, so cunning, he can cheat one newly Cheated; 'tis such a Wheadling Rogue, I'll undertake in two hours he shall make your Father forgive you all, nay, allow you Money for your necessary Debauches: I saw him in three days, make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymist and Projector.

Off. He is the fittest person in the World for my Business, the Impudent Varlet can do any thing with the peevish old Man. Prithce go look him out, we'll set him a work immediately.

Sh. See where he comes—*Monsieur Scapin!*

Enter Scapin.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Sh. I have been giving my Master a brief Account of thy most Noble Qualities: I told him, thou wert as Valiant as a ridden Cuckold, Sincere as Whores, Honest as Pimps in want.

Scap. Alas Sir! I but Copy you: 'Tis you are brave, you scorn the Gibbers, Halts and Prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Off. Oh *Scapin!* I am utterly ruin'd without thy assistance.

Scap. Why? What's the matter good Mr. *Offavian*?

Off. My Father is this day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe*, with a resolution to Marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Off. Thou knowest I am already Married; How will my Father resent my Disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of your Marriage?

Off. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all shall be well: I am publick-spirited; I love to help distressed young Gentlemen, and thank Heaven I have had good success enough.

Off. Besides, My present want must be considered, I am in rebellion without any Money.

Scap.

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that I can cheat upon occasion; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heaven be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority, ruin such little Undertraders as I am.

Off. Well, Get thee straight about thy Business: Canst thou make no use of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his assistance, the Knave has Cunning; and may be useful.

Sh. Ay Sir, But like other wise Men, I am not over-Valiant: Pray leave me out of this Business; my Fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

Scap. I stand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence; and thou hast enough of that: Come, come, thou shalt along; What, Man, stand out for a Beating? That's the worst can happen.

Sh. Well, well.

Enter Clara.

Off. Here comes my dearest Clara.

Cl. Ah me *Offician*! I hear sad News: They say, your Father is return'd.

Off. Alas! 'Tis true, and I am the most unfortunate person in the World; but 'tis not my own misery that I consider, but yours: How can you bear those wants to which we must be both reduc'd?

Cl. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easie to us; which is a sign it is the chiefest good. But I have other Cares; Will you be ever constant? Shall not your Father's Severity constrain you to be false?

Off. Never, my dearest, never.

Cl. They that love much, may be allow'd some fears.

Scap. Come, come, we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Cl. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scap. You must appear resolute at first: Tell him you can live without troubling him, threaten him to turn Souldier, or what will frighten him, worse, say, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Composition.

Off. What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your Father, very grave and very angry.

Off. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, like a small Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance, a little more furlyly. Very well. Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority.

Octavian. Thou makest me weep to see thee; but alas they are not tears of joy, but tears of sorrow. Did ever so good a Father beget so lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I think thy Mother Vertuous, I should pronounce thou art not mine. *Morgate-Bird, Rogue, Villain,* what a Trick hast thou play'd me in my absence? Marry'd? Yes: but to whom? Nay that thou knowest best. I warrant you some Wailing-Woman corrupted in a Civil Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-Houses, remov'd from thence by some Keeping Coxcomb, or—

Clara. Hold *Scapin*, Hold—

Scap. No offence Lady, I speak but anothers words.

Thou abominable Rascal, thou shalt not have a groat, not a groat. Besides, I will break all thy bones ten times over, get thee out of my house—Why Sir, you reply not a word, but stand as foolishly as a Girl this is examin'd by a Bawdy Judge, about a Rape.

Off. Look yonder comes my Father.

Scap. Stay Shift, and get you two gone, let me alone to manage the old fellow.

Enter Off. and Clara.

Enter Thrifty.

Th. Was there ever such a rascallion?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Business, and is now so full of it, that he vents it to himself.

Th. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

Scap. We are not unprovided.

Clara's distance.

Th. Will they be so impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Th. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may do.

Th. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. Well my man.

Th. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son.

Scap. That we must prevent.

Th. And for that Tattlede-mallion ~~shall~~ I'll thrash him to death, I will be three Years a Cudgelling him.

Th. I wondred he had forgot me so long.

Th. Oh Oh! Yonder the Rascal is, that brave Governour, he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoyed at your safe return.

Th. Good morrow *Scapin*, indeed you have followed my Instructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himself very prudently in my absence, has he not Rascal, has he not?

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Th. Very well. Thou sayst not a word Varlet, thou sayst not a word.

Scap. Had you a good Voyage Mr. *Thrifty*?

Th. Lord Sir! A very good Voyage, pray give a Man a little leave to vent his Choler.

Scap. Would you be in Choler Sir?

Th. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Th. With that confounded Rogue there.

Scap. Upon what reason?

Th. Upon what reason? hast thou not heard what hath happened in my absence.

Scap. I have heard a little Idle story.

Th. A little Idle story. Quoth a *why* Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried, but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Th. I am not of your opinion, I'll make the whole Town ring of it.

Scap. Lord Sir, I have storm'd about this business as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him indeed, Mr. *Offavian*, you do not do well to wrong so good a Father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do, till at last, when I had well examined the Business I found you had not so much wrong done you as you Imagine.

Th. How not wrong done me, to have my Son married without my consent to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas he was ordain'd to it.

Th. That's fine indeed, we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hang'd, then say we were ordain'd to it.

Scap.

Scap. Truly I did not think you so subtil a Philosopher, I mean he was fatally engaged in this affair.

Th. Why did he Engage himself?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wise as your self, young men will have their follies, witness my charge *Leander*; who has gon and thrown away himself at a stranger rate then your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your self; yes I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Th. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas he was so in Love with the young wench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hang'd himself.

Th. Must! why he had already done it, But that I came very seasonably and cut the rope.

Th. Didst thou cut the rope? Dog? 'Tle Murther thee for that thou shouldest have let him hang.

Scap. Besides, her Kindred surprized him with her, and forc't him to marry her.

Th. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the Violence at a Notaries.

Scap. O Lord Sir, he scorn'd that.

Th. Then might I easily have disannul'd the Martiage.

Scap. Disannul the marriage.

Th. Yes.

Scap. You shall not break the marriage.

Th. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Th. What shall not I claim the priviledge of a Father, and have the Satisfaction for the violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never consent to.

Th. He will not consent to!

Scap. No. Would you have him confess he was hec'tor'd into any thing, that is to declare himself a Coward: Oh fie Sir, one that has Honour of being your Son, can never do such a thing.

Th. Pish, talk not to me of Honour, he shall do it or be dis-inherited.

Scap. Who shall dis-inherit him?

Th. That will I Sir.

Scap. You dis-inherit him! very good.

Th.

Th. How very good?

Scap. You shall not disinherit him.

Th. Shall not I disinherit him?

Scap. No.

Th. No!

Scap. No.

Th. Sir, you are very merry, I shall not disinherit my Son?

Scap. No I tell you.

Th. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas Sir, your own self Sir; your own self.

Th. I my self?

Scap. Yes Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

Th. You shall find I can Sir.

Scap. Come you deceive your self, Fatherly affection must show it self, it must, it must; do not I know you were ever tender hearted.

Th. Yare mistaken Sir, Yare mistaken: — Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle tattle with this Idle fellow? — Hang-dog go find out my rake-hell —

whilst I go to my Brother *Gripe* and Inform him of my misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time if I can do you any service. —

Th. Oh! I thank you Sir, I thank you. — [Exit Thrift.

Shift. I must confess thou art a brave Fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better posture — but the money, the money — we are abominable poor, and my Master has lean Vigilant dunnings that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when she solicits a maintenance for her discarded Daughter.

Scap. Your money shall be my next care — let me see, I want a fellow to — Canst thou not Counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alfania*? — Stalk — look big — very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy voice and countenance.

Sh. Pray take a little care and lay your plot so that I may not act the Bully all wayes, I would not be beaten like a Bully.

Scap. We'll share the danger, we'll share the danger.

Exeunt.

Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Thrifty* and *Gripe*.

Gr. Sir, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath strangely frustrated our Designs.

Thr. Sir, trouble not your self about my Son, I have undertaken to remove all Obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gr. In troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I say to you, The Education of Children after the getting of e'm, ought to be the nearest Concern of a Father: And had you tutored your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

Thr. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence. Those that are so quick to Censure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought first to take Care that all be well at home.

Gr. Why Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thr. It may be I have, and it may be worse than of my own.

Gr. What is't I pray? My Son?

Thr. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or some body else: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Messenger of ill news to one that I think so to me: Your Servant: I must hasten to my Council to advise what's to be done in this Case. God-bu'y till I see you again.

[*Ex: Thrifty.*]

Gr. Worse than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; For a Son to marry impudently without the Consent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter *Leander*.

Leand. Oh my Dear Father, how Joyful am I to see you safely return'd. Welcome as the Blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gr. Not so fast Friend a mine, soft and fair goes far Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ee mean Sir?

Gr. Stand still, and let me look yee in the Face.

Leand.

Leand. How must I stand Sir?

Gr. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well Sir I do.

Gr. What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gr. Yes Report Sir, I speak English as I take it, What is't that you have done in my absence?

Leand. What is't Sir which you would have had me done?

Gr. I do not ask you what I would have had you done; but what you have done.

Leand. Who I Sir? Why I have done nothing at all, nor I Sir.

Gr. Nothing at all! (*Leand.*) No Sir,

Gr. You have no Impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man, and my Innocence.

Gr. Very well, But *Scapin*, d'ye mark me young man, *Scapin* has told me some tales of your Behaviour?

Leand. *Scapin*!

Gr. Oh have I caught you? That name makes ye blush do's it? 'Tis well you have some Grace left.

Leand. Has he said any thing concerning me?

Gr. That shall be examined anon. In the mean while get you home d'ye hear. And stay till my return, But look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or see my Face more; but expect to be as miserable as thy folly and poverty can make thee. [*Exit. Gr.*]

Leand. Very fine: I am in a hopeful Condition. This Rascal has betrayed my marriage and undone me: Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by rapine: and to set my hand in, the first thing shall be to Cut the throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruined me.

Enter Off. and Scapin.

Off. Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoyed to see you good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir your most humble Servant, You honour me too far,

Leand. You act an ill fools part, But I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir.

Off. Hold *Leander*.

Leand. No, *Offavian*, I'll make him confess the Treachery he has committed; yes Varlet Dog, I know the trick you have playd me: you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my Sword in your Guts.

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the heart to do such a thing? have I done you any Injury Sir?

Leand. Yes Rascal that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swing it out of your already tan'd thick hide. [*Beats him*]

Scap. The Devil's in't, Lord Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay good Mr. *Leander*, pray Mr. *Leander*; Squire *Leander*—As I hope to be saved—

Off. Prithce be quiet: for shame enough:— [*Interposeth*]

Scap. Well Sir, I confess indeed that—

Leand. What! speak Rogue.

Scap. About two Months agoe you may remember, a Maid Servant dyed in the house.—

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay Sir, if I confess you must not be angry.

Leand. Well go on.

Scap. 'Twas said she dyed for love of me Sir; But let that pass.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon;

Scap. About a week after her death, I dress'd my self up like her Ghost, and went into Madam *Lucia* your Mistresses Chamber, where she lay half in half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-book,

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap. They both beleive it was a Ghost to this hour. But it was my self playd the Goblin to fright her from the Scurvy Custom of lying awake at those unseasonable hours, hearing filthy Plays when she had never said her Prayers.

Leand. I shall remember you for all in time, and place; But come to the point, and tell me what thou hast said to my Father.

Scap. To you Father? I have not so much as seen him since his return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you so himself.

Leand. Yes he has told me himself, and told me all thou hast said to him!

Scap. With your good leave Sir, then he ly'd; I beg your pardon I mean he was mistaken. [*Enter Sly*]

Sly. Oh Sir, I bring you the most unhappy news.

Leand.

Leand. Whats the matter?

Sly. Your Mistress Sir, is yonder arrested in an Action of 200*l.* They say 'tis a debt she left unpaid at *London*, in the hast of her escape hither to *Dover*, and if you do not raise money within this two hours to discharge her, Shee'l be hurried to prison.

Leand. Within this two hours?

Sly. Yes Sir, within this two hours.

Leand. Ah my poor *Scapin*, I want thy assistance.

[Scapin walks about Surlyly]

Scap. Ah my poor *Scapin*! Now I'm your poor *Scapin* now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast done; and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No no, never pardon me, run your Sword in my Guts; you'l do better to Murder me.

Leand. For Heaven's sake; think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

Off. You must do something for him.

Scap. Yes to have my bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me *Scapin* in this severe extremity!

Scap. To put such an affront upon me as you did,

Leand. I wrong'd thee I confess.

Scap. To use me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Rascal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy withall my Heart; and if thou wilt have me throw my self at thy Feet, I'll doo't.

Off. Faith *Scapin* you must, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then; But d'ye mark me Sir, another time better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my business?

Scap. As I see convenient, Care shall be taken,

Leand. But the time you know is short.

Scap. Pray Sir, don't be so troublesome: How much money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.—(*Scap.*) And you?—(*Off.*) As much.

Scap. No more to be said. It shall be done, For you the Contrivance is laid already, and for your Father though he be covetous to the last degree, Yet thanks be to Heaven hee's but a shallow per-

Leander.

son, his parts are not extraordinary, do not take it ill Sir, for you have no resemblance of him. But that y^e are very like him, Begon I see *Olivians* Father coming, I'll begin with him.

[Exeunt Oliv. and Leand.]

[Enter Thrify.]

Here he comes mumbling and chewing the Cud to grave himself a clean Beast.

Thr. Oh audacious Boy, to commit so insolent a Crime, and plunge himself into such a mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant.

Thr. How do you *Scapin*?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Sons rash Action.

Thr. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't; But your Philosopher is always prepared I remember an Excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Case.

Thr. What's that?

Scap. Pray mind it, 'twill do ye a World of good.

Thr. What is't I ask you?

Scap. Why, When the Master of a Family shall be absent any considerable time from his home or Mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and Philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent Circumstances, that may during the Interval conspire to the Conjunction of those misfortunes, and troublesome accidents, that may intervene upon the said absence, and the interruption of his Oeconomical inspection, into the remissness, negligence, frailties, and huge and perillous Errors, which his Substitutes, Servants, or Trustees, may be capable of, or hable and obnoxious unto, which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated Natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Disposition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Conversation run consequently defiled, and impure: These things premised, and fore-considered, arm the said prudent Philosophical *Pater Familias*, to find his House laid waste, his Wife murdered, his Daughters deflowered, his Sons hang'd:

Cum malis iniquis qui nunc prescribere longum est,
and to think Heaven is no worse too: D'ye mark, Sir?

Thr. S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

Scap.

Scap. Ay, and the best Proverbs, and the wisest in the World: Good Sir, get it by heart: T'will do ye the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble your self: I'll repeat it to you, till you have gotten it by heart.

Thr. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say——When the Master of a——

Thr. Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own, I'm going to my Lawyer, I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your self among Lawyers? Do you not see every day how the Spunges suck poor Clyents, and with a company of foolish, non-sensical terms, and knavish tricks, undo the Nation: No, you shall take another way.

Thr. You have reason, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief, I cannot when I see tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons miscarriages, but have bowels for 'em, I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thr. Truly my Case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is; tears will burst out, I have a great respect for your person.

Thr. Thank you with all my heart, in troth we should have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, so we should; I assure you there is not a person in the World whom I respect more than the Noble Mr. Thrifty.

Thr. Thou art honest *Scapin*. Ha' done, ha' done.

Scap. Sir, Your most humble Servant.

Thr. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, In brief I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has Married.

Thr. What is he?

Scap. A most outrageous roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a swell'd red Face, enflam'd with Brandy, one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and bellows out Curses enough in a Day, to serve a Garrison a Week, bred up in blood and rapine, used to slaughter from his youth upwards, one that makes no more conscience of killing a Man, than cracking of a Lowfe; he has killed sixteen, four for taking the Wall of him, five for looking too big upon him, two he shot pissing against the Wall: In short, he is the most dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thr.

Thr. Heav'n! How do I tremble at the Description? But what's this to my Business?

Scap. Why, He (as most Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatening him with all the Courses of Law, all the assistance of your Friends, and your great Purse, (in which I ventur'd my life ten times, for so often he drew and run at me) yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a Composition, and to null the Marriage for a sum of Money.

Thr. Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what sum?

Scap. Faith, He was damnably unreasonable at first, and gad I told him so very roundly.

Thr. A Pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500 £.

Thr. Ouns and Heart, 500 £. Five hundred Devils take him, and for and frigalfee the Dog; does he take me for a mad-Man?

Scap. Why, so I said; and after much argument I brought him to this: Dammee, says he, I am going to the Army, and I must have Two good Horses for my self, for fear one should die; and those will cost at least Threescore Guinea's.

Thr. Hang him Rogue! Why should he have two Horses? But I care not if I give Threescore Guinea's to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, says he, my Pistols, Saddle, Hose, Cloth, and all, will cost Twenty more.

Thr. Why, That's Fourscore.

Scap. Well reckoned; faith, this Arithmetick is a fine Art; Then I must have One for my Boy, will cost Twenty more.

Thr. Oh the Devil! Confounded Dog! Let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thr. Not a Sous, damn'd Rascal, let him turn Foot-Souldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man besides; Would you have him go a Foot?

Thr. Ay, and his Master too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well; You are resolv'd to spend twice as much at *Dollors Commons*, you are, you will stand out for such a Sum as this; do.

Thr. Hah! Oh damn'd unconscionable Rascal! well if it must be so. Let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thr. No I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh a Covetous Rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so Covetous.

Scap.

Scap. Why this is nothing to the Charge at Doctors Commons, and though her Brother has no Money, she has an Uncle able to defend her.

Thr. Oh Eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Divels in him I think!

Scap. Then saies he, I must carry into *France* money to buy a Mule to carry——

Thr. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'll appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay good Sir, think a little.

Thr. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thr. No not so much as an Ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thr. I will not consider, I'll go to Law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to Law you do not consider the Appeals, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the Knareries, the Craving of so many Ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, Villanous Harpies! Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like, None of which but will puff away the clearest right in the World for a Bribe; on the other side the Proctor shall side with your Adversary, And sell your cause for ready Money; Your Advocate shall be gained the same way, And shall not be found when your cause is to be heard: Law is a torment of all torments.

Thr. That's true: Why what does the damn'd Rogue —— reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why for Horses, Furniture, Mule, and to pay some Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands and will have two hundred pounds.

Th. Come, come, let's go to Law.

Scap. Do but reflect upon——

Th. I'll go to Law?

Scap. Do not plunge your self.

Thr. To Law I'll tell you?

Scap. Why there's for Procuration, Presentation, Council, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and scribbling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles, Consultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Register, Substitute, Judgments, Signings— Expedition Fees, besides the vast Presents to them and their Wives. Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the money, give him it I say.

Thr.

Thr. walks up and down in a great heat.

Thr. What, two hundred pounds!

Scap. Ay, ay, why you'll gain 150 l. by it, I have summ'd it up; I say give it him, I, faith do.

Thr. What 200 l.

Scap. Ay, besides you ne're think how they'll rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Bastardings, and Commutings in their Courts,

Thr. I defie 'em, let 'em tell of my whoring, 'tis the fashion.

Scap. Peace, Here's the Brother.

Thr. Oh Heaven! what shall I do.

Enter Shift disguised like a Bully.

Sb. Damme, where is this confounded Dog, this Father of *Octavian*? Null the Marriage: By all the Honour of my Ancestors I'll chine the Villain.

Thr. Oh, Oh!

[Hides himself behind Scapin]

Scap. He cares not Sir, He'll not give the 200 l.

Sb. By Heaven, he shall be Worms-meat within these two hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Th. You'ye, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Sb. He! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Dishonour my Sister! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? Hah!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Sb. Nor none of his Friends?

Th. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Sb. Art thou the Enemy of that Rascal.

Th. Oh! ay, hang him — Oh damn'd Bully!

(Aside.)

Sb. Give me thy hand, old Boy, the next Sun shall not see the impudent Rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his Relations against you.

Th. Do not provoke him, *Scapin*.

Sb. Would they were all here: Ha! hah! *He forms every way hah! Here I had one through the Lungs; & with his Sword.* there another into the Heart; Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah Rogues! there I was with you. Hah — hah!

Scap. Hold Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Sb. No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is up; I will destroy the whole Family. Ha, ha, — hah! *(Ex. Shift.)*

Th. Here *Scapin*, I have two hundred Guinea's about me, take 'em,

e'm, No more to be said, Let me never see his face again, take e'm I say, This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give e'm him your self?

Th. No, no! I will never see him more. I shall not recover this these three Months. See the business done, I trust in thee, Honest

Scapin. I must repose somewhere; I am mightily out of Order—
A plague on all Bullies I say. *[Exit Thrifty.]*

Scap. So ther's one dispatcht, I must now find out *Gripe*; He's here, how Heaven brings e'm into my Nets one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heaven! Unlookt for misfortune, poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do *[walks about distractedly]*

Grip. What's that he says of me?

Scap. Is there no body can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe*?

Grip. Who's there *Scapin*!

Scap. How I run up and down, to find him to no purpose! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. *Gripe*?

Grip. Art thou blind, I have been just under thy Nose this hour.

Scap. Sir,

Grip. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir your Son—

Grip. Hah, my Son—

Scap. Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the World,

Grip. What is't—

Scap. I met him a while ago, disordered for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my Name. And seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier, amongst other things he took particular Notice of a New Caper in her full Trim, the Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with.

Grip. Well, and where's the disaster of all this?

Scap. While we were eating he put to Sea, and when we were at a good distance from the Shoar, He discover'd himself to be an *English* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service, And sent me off in his Long-Boat to tell you, That if you do not forthwith send him two hundred pounds, he'l carry away your Son Prisoner, Nay, for ought I know he may carry him a Slave to *Algier*.

Gr. How in the Devils name? 200!!

H

Scap.

Sea. Yes Sir, and more then that, he has allowed me but an hours time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only Son.

Gr. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard? — Run quick-ly *Scapin*, and tell the Villain Ile send my Lord Chief Justices Warrant after him.

Sea. Oh law! his Warrant in the open Sea, d'ye think Pyrates are Fooles?

Gr. Fth Devils name what business had he a Shipboard?

Sea. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to mischief, Sir.

Gr. *Scapin* thou must now act the part of a faithful Servant.

Sea. As how, Sir?

Gr. Thou must go bid the Pyrate send me my Son and stay as a pledge in his room, till I can raise the Money.

Sea. Alas Sir, think you the Captain has so little wit as to accept of such a poor Rascally fellow as I am, instead of your Son?

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Sea. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two hours time.

Gr. Thou say'st he demands. —

Sea. 200 l.

Gr. 200 l. Has the fellow no Conscience?

Sea. O law! the Conscience of a Pyrate, why very few lawful Captains have any.

Gr. Has he no reason neither? Do's he know what the Sum of 200 l. is.

Sea. Yes Sir, Tarpawlines are a sort of People that understand Money, though they have no great acquaintance with Sence. But for Heav'n's sake dispatch.

Gr. Here take the key of my Compting House.

Sea. So.

Gr. And open it.

Sea. Very good.

Gr. In the left hand Window lyes the Key of my Garret; go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Chest, and sell 'em to the Brokers, to redeem my Son.

Sea. Sir, Y^e are mad; I shan't get Fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am freighted for time.

Gr. But what a Devil did he do a Ship-board?

Sea. Let Ship-board alone, and consider, Sir, your Son. But Heav'n

Heav'n is my witness, I ha' done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his Father's Kindness.

Gr. Well, Sir, I'll go see if I can raise the Money. Was it not nine-score Pounds you spoke of?

Scap. No, 200 l.

Gr. What, 200 l. Dutch, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean *English* Money, 200 l. sterling.

Gr. I th Devil's Name, what business had he a Ship-board? Confounded Ship-board.

Scap. This Ship-board sticks in his Stomach.

Gr. Hold *Scapin*, I remember I received the very Sum just now in Gold, but did not think I should have parted with it so soon.

He presents Scapin his Purse, but will not let it go, and in his transportments, pulls his Arm so and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.

Scap. Ay, Sir.

Gr. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gr. A Dogbolt.

Scap. I shall, Sir.

Gr. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200 l. contrary to all Law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gr. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

Scap. Right, Sir.

[He puts up his Purse, and is going away.]

Gr. Now make haste, and go redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Money?

Gr. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

Gr. Ha—my griefs and fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I see it does indeed.

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Ship-board?—Damn'd Pyrate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell pursue thee.

Scap. How easily a Miser swallows a Load, and how difficultly he disgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him so, he's like to pay in other Coyn, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Oct. and Leander.

Scap. Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your Business, } *to Octavian.*
 there's 200*l.* which I have squeeze'd out of your Father.

Oct. Triumphant *Scapin.*

Scap. But for you I can do nothing ——— *[To Leander.*

Lea. Then may I go hang my self. Friends both adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear, the Devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride Post. With much ado I've got your Business done too.

Lea. Is't possible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge myself on your Father, for the Trick he has served me.

Lea. With all my heart, at thy own discretion, good honest *Scapin.*

Scap. Hold your hand, there's 200*l.*

Lea. My thanks are too many to pay now; Farewel dear Son of *Mercury*, and be prosperous.

Scap. Gramercy Pupil: Hence we gather,
 Give Son the Money, hang up Father.

The End of the Second Act.

Act Third. Scene First.

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Lucia. WAS ever such a Trick play'd, for us to run away from our Governesses, where our careful Fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young Gentlemen, only because they said they lov'd us, I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize? I am afraid the good fortune we shall get by it, will very hardly recompence the reputation we have lost by it.

Clar. Our greatest satisfaction is, that they are Men of fashion and credit, and for my part I long ago resolv'd not to Marry any other, not such a one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his Love, and 'twas an assurance of *Octavian's* that brought me hither.

Lucia. I must confess, I had no less a fence of the Faith and Honour of *Leander.*

Clar.

Clar. But seems it not wonderful, that the Circumstances of our Fortune should be so near ally'd, and our selves so much Strangers. Besides, if I mistake not, I see something in *Leander*, so much resembling a Brother of mine, of the same Name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so.

Lucia. I have a Brother too, whose Name's *Octavian*, bred in *Italy*, and just as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the reason I have not seen him yet: But if I deceive not my self, there is something in your *Octavian*, that extremely refreshes my memory of him.

Clar. I wish we might be so happy, as we are inclin'd to hope; but there's a strange blind side in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe what we most earnestly desire.

Lucia. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our Fathers; and for my part, I had rather lose an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and secure my self against the Imposition of fatherly Authority.

Clar. How insufferable it is to be sacrificed to the Arms of a nauseous Blockhead, that has no other sense than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, rise in the morning, and go to Bed at night, and with much ado be perswaded to keep himself clean.

Lucia. A thing of meer Flesh and Blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meager hang-Dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Physick for the Worms.

Clar. Yet such their silly Parents are generally most indulgent to, like Apes, never so well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Issue.

Lucia. Twenty to one, but to some such charming Creatures, our careful Fathers had design'd us.

Clar. Parents think they do their Daughters the greatest kindness in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill, if they make the right use of them.

Lucia. I'de no more be bound to spend my days in Marriage to a Fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an Ass, because the Creature was gentle.

Clar. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Designs and Affairs, as a Callow Statesman at a Treaty of Peace.

Scap. Ladies!

Clar.

Clar. Oh Monsieur *Scapin*! What's the reason you have been such a Stranger of late?

Scap. Why, faith Ladies, Business, Business, has taken up my time, and truly I love an active life, love my Business extreamly.

Lucia. Methinks tho, this should be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find employment in?

Scap. Why, faith Madam, I'm never shy to my Friends: My Business is, in short, like that of all other Men of Business, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and Cheat, to get an honest Livelyhood.

Clar. Certainly, Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courses?

Scap. Oh Madam! Wit and Honesty, like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Relish to a good Fortune, and pass well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themselves. No, give me your Knave, your thorow-pac't Knave; hang his Wit, so he be but Rogue enough.

Lucia. You'r grown very much out of humour with Wit, *Scapin*, I hope, yours has done you no prejudice of late?

Scap. No, Madam, Your Men of Wit are good for nothing dull, lazy, restive Snails, 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Clar. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like most others of the Female Sex, (I speak all this with respect to your Ladiship) is generally most Indulgent to the nimble melted Block-Heads, Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they should be Active; why who believes any man of wit to have so much as Courage. No Ladies, if y'ave any Friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much fools as they can, and they'l near want Parrons: And for honesty, if your Ladiships think fit to retire a little further; you shall see me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Clar. Prithee *Lucia*, let us Retreat a little and take this opportunity of some divertisement: which hath been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter

Enter Shift with a Sack

Scap. Oh Shift!

Shift. Speak not too loud; my Masters coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his Friend, if any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I loose this Nose with the Pox, without the pleasure of getting it:

Sh. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine: to the Indignity of bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures makes them pleasant when accomplished.

Sh. But your Adventures how Comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be Tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous Spirit; Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: here comes my Man.

Enter Gripe

Oh Sir, Sir, hush for your self, quietly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heavens sake.

Gr. What's the matter Man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you be Murdered instantly? I am afraid you'll be killed within these two Minutes.

Gr. Mercy on me! killed for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gr. Who? Who?

Scap. The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd, he's A Captain of a Privateer, who has all sorts of Rogues, *English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French*, under his command; and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would Null the Marriage; they run up and down crying where is the Rogue *Gripe*, where is the Dog, where is the Slave *Gripe*; they watch for you so narrowly that there's no getting home to your House.

Gr. Oh *Scapin*! what shall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay Heaven knows, but if you come within their reach they'll De—wit you, they'll tear you in pieces: heark.

Gr. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum 'tis none of them?

Gr.

Gr. Canst thou find no way for my Escape, dear Scapin?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gr. Good Scapin, how thyself a man now,

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gr. Dear Scapin, do; I will Reward thee bounteously: He give thee this Suit when I have worn it 8 or 2 Months longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gr. God forgive me, Lord, have Mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's nobody; look, if you'll save your life go into this Sack presently.

Gr. Oh! where there?

Scap. Nobody: get into the Sack and stir not, what ever happens, I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods through all your Enemies to the Majors house, or the Castle?

Gr. An Admirable Invention, Oh! Lord quick. Gets into the

Scap. Yes, 'tis an Excellent Invention, if you knew all, keep in

your Head, Oh here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin counterfeits a Welshman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's Father, look you.

In his own Voice.

How should I know, what would you have with him—*the close.*

Have with him, look you, he has no great purse, but he would have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy he shall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captain, look you now, Sir,

In his own Voice.

He Affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man.

But he, Sir, look you, and he will give you beatings and chastisements, for your Contradictions when he's ploods up, look you, and he will cut off your Packs and your Nottles for it, take you that pray you now.

In his own Voice.

Hold, hold, will you Murder me. I know not where he is,

But he will teach soney Jacks how they presook him Welsh ploods and he's Chollers: and for the old Rogue he will have his Guts and his plood look you Sir, or he will never wear. Look upon St. Taffyes day more, look you.

His

His own Voice.

Oh! He has maw'd me, a damn'd Welch Rogue.

Gr. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders: Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gr. Why did you not stand further off?

Scap. Peace—Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancashire Dialect.

Scap. I'aw Fellee, wi'th Sack theere, done yaw knaw whear th'awd Rascall Graip is?

Not I; but here is no Rascal.

Yaw Leen, yaw Dogue, yaw knawn weel eenuh whear he is, an yaw-den teel, and that he is a foo Rascall as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By th' Mess, an ay sack thee in hont, ay's raddle th'bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to some tune.

Me, Sir? I don't understand ye.

Why, Th'awrt his Mon, thaw Hobble, I'll snite th' Nase o'thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, What would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the first bawt to the grawns, and then I mun beat him aw so pap by th' Mess, and after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and Ay wot, he'll be a pratty swatley Fellee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, sayn ye? Ays find him by'r Lady, an he be above grawn.

So, he's gone, a damn'd Lancashire Rascal.

Gr. Oh good Scapin! go on quickly.

Hold, here's another.

[Gr. pops in his Head.

In an Irish Tone.

Dost thou hear Sack-man? I pridee fare is de dam Dog Gripe?

His own Voice.

Why, What's that to you? What know I.

Fat's dat to me Joy? By my soul Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon till thou dost know, by my salvation indeed.

Scap. I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my soul, if I do see him, I will make Murther upon him, for my Captain's sake.

Murther him? He'll not be murther'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, de Devil take me indeed. Fat hast dow in dat Sack? Joy, by my salvation I will look into it.

But you shall not. What have you to do with it?

By my soul Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gr. Oh! Oh!

Scap. Fatt it does grunt, by my salvation; de Devil take me, I will see it indeed.

You shall not see my Sack; I will defend it with my life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Joy, and that, and that upon my soul, and so I do take my leave Joy. [Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almost kill'd me.

Gr. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders.

Scap. You can't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my Shoulders?

Gr. Yours? Oh my Shoulders?

Scap. Peace, th'are a coming.

In a hoarse Sea-man's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, swinge him with a Cat o' nine tails, Keel-hale, and then hang him at the Main Yard.

Cheats of Scapin.

59

In broken French-English.

If dere be no more Men in England, I will kille him, I will put my Rapire in his Body, and I will give him two tree pusbè in de gutte,

Here Scapin Acts a Number of e'm together.

We mun go this way — o'th' right hand, no to th' left hand — lye close — search ev'ry where — by my salvation, I will kill the dam Dog — and we do catch en, we'll tear en in pieces, an I do heer he went thick way — no, streight forward. Hold, here is his Mah, where's your Master — Dam me, where? in Hell? speak — hold, not so furiously — and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee —

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him soundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll nere betray my Master.

Knock en down, beat en soundly, so en, at en, at en, at.

[As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and Scapin takes to his heels.]

Gr. Oh Dog, Traitor, Villain! Is this your Plot? Would you have murder'd me, Rogue! Unheard of Impudence. [Enter Thrifty. Oh Brother Thrifty! You come to see me loaden with disgrace, the Villain Scapin has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of 200 l. this beating brings all into my memory. [Aside.

Th. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the same Sum?

Gr. Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate, that I am ashamed to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Th. But this is not all, Brother, one Misfortune is the fore-runner of another: Just now I received Letters from London, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governesses, with two wild debauch'd young Fellows, that they fell in Love with.

Enter Lucia. and Clara.

Luc. Was ever so malicious Impudence seen — Hah — Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my Father.

Cl. And the other mine, who Scapin has us'd thus.

Luc. Bless us! Return'd, and we not know of it?

Cl. What will they say to find us here?

Luc. My dearest Father, Welcome to *England*.

Th. My Daughter *Luc*?

Luc. The same, Sir.

Gr. My *Clara* here too?

Cl. Yes, Sir, and happy to see your safe Arrival.

Th. What strange destiny has directed this happiness to us?

Enter Octavian.

Gr. Hey day!

Th. Oh Son! I have a Wife for you.

Off. Good Father, All your Propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Th. Look you now, is not this very fine? Now I have a mind to be merry, and be friends with you, you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter here——

Off. I'll never marry Mr. *Gripe's* daughter, Sir, as long as I Live; No, yonder's she that I must Love, and can never Entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cl. Yes *Octavian*, I have at last met with my Father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thr. Law ye now, you would be wiser than the Father that begot you, would you? did not I always say you should marry Mr. *Gripe's* daughter? But you do not know your Sister *Luc*?

Off. Unlook'd for blessing, why she's my friend *Leander's* Wife!

Thr. How *Leander's* Wife!

Gr. What my Son *Leander*?

Off. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander*.

Gr. Indeed! well Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a good natur'd Boy. Well now am I so overjoyed, that I could laugh till I shook my shoulders, but that I dare not they are so sore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Lea. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is discovered, nor would I indeed, have longer concealed it, this is my Wife, and I must own her.

Gr. Brother *Thrifty* did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? Ha?

Thr. Own her quoth a! why kiss her, kiss her, Man, oddsboddikins, when I was a young fellow and was first married, I did nothing else for three months. O my conscience I got my Boy

Off.

Offi. there, the first night before the Curtaines were quite drawn!

Gr. Well, 'tis his Fathers nowne Child, Just so Brother was it with me upon my Wedding day, I could not look upon my dear without blushing, but when we were a Bed, Lord ha mercy upon us — but I le lay no more.

Lean. Is then my Father Reconcil'd to me.

Gr. Reconcil'd to thee, why I love thee at my heart man, at my heart, why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty's* daughter, Mrs. *Lace*, whom I always design'd for thy Wife, and that's thy Sister *Clara* married to Mr. *Offi.* there.

Lean. *Offavian* are we then Brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wish'd after the Compleating of my happiness with my charming *Lucia*.

Thr. Come Sir, hang up your complements in the Hall at home, they are old and out of fashion; *Shift* go to the Inn and bespeak a Supper may cost more Money than I have ready to pay for t, for I am resolv'd to run in debt to night.

Sh. I shall obey your commands Sir.

Thr. Then d'you hear, send out and muster up all the Fiddlers, Blind or not Blind, Drunk or Sober) in the Town, let not so (much as the Roaster of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Cafe, escape ye.

Gr. Well what would I give now for the fellow that sings the Song at my Lord Mayors Feast, I my'self would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he should set a Tune to it, twas the pretty'ft he had last time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh Gentlemen here is the strangest accident fallen out.

Thr. What's the matter.

Sly. Poor *Scapin*.

Gr. Ha! Rogue let him be hang'd, I'll hang him my self.

Sly. Oh Sir, that trouble you may spare, for passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head and broke his Scull so, you may see his Braines.

Thr. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter

Enter Scapin between two, his Head wrap'd up in Linnen as if he had been wounded

Scap. Oh me ! Oh me ! Gentlemen you see me, you see me in a sad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the prime of my years: But yet I could not dye without the pardon of those that I have wrong'd, yes Gentlemen I beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done ; but more especially, I beg of you Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Master Mr. *Gripe*.

Thr. For my part, I pardon thee freely, go, and dye in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you Sir, I have most offended, by the inhumane Bastinadoes which——

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked Insolence in me, that I should with Vile Crab-tree Cudgel——

Gr. Pish, no more, I say I am Satisfied.

Scap. And now so near my death 'tis an unspeakable grief that I should dare to lift my hand against——

Gr. Hold thy Peace, or dye quickly, I tell thee I have forgot All——

Scap. Alas ! how good a man you are ! But Sir, d'you pardon me freely and from the bottom of your Heart, those merciless drubs that——

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it. I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't. [Pulls off his Cap.]

Scap. Oh ! Sir, how much your Goodness Revives me !

Gr. Hows that ? Friend take Notice I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are sure to dye !

Scap. Oh me ! I begin to faint again.

Thr. Come, *Brother*, never let Revenge employ your thoughts now, forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gr. A dewce on't *Brother*, as I hope to be sav'd he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did ; But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thr. Now then let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the Lower End of the Table.

Where in my Chair of State, I'll sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may dye in Peace.

A Dance.

The End.

Epilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee,
when she was out of Humour.

HOW little do you guess what I'm to say?
I'm not to ask you how like Farce or Play;
For you must know, I've other business now:

It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we when in humble guise,
You came with honest Hearts and harmless Eyes:
Sate without Noise and Tumult in the Pit:
Oh what a precious Jewel then was Wit!
Tho now 'tis grown so common, let me dye,
Gentlemen scorn to keep it company.

Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been;
Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.
Time was ye were as meek as now y'are proud,
Did not in curst Cabals of Criticks crowd,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud,

But came to see the Follies you would shun:
Tho now so fondly Antick here y'are grown,
I invert the Stages purpose, and its Rules:
Make us Spectators, whilst you play the Fools.

Equally witty as some valiant are;
The sad defects of both are expos'd here:
For here you'll Censure, who disdain to write,
As some make Quarrels here, that scorn to fight.

The rugged Souldier that from War returns,
And still wi th' heat of former Action burns,
Let him but hither come to see a Play,
Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a day.

Shall

Epilogue.

Shall steal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box;
There hold impertinent chat with Tawdry Maids:
Till e're aware the Bluff' rer falls in love
And Hero grows as harmless as a Dove.

With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes,
Though now alas we must your absence mourn,
Whilst nought but Quality will serve your turn.
Damn'd Quality! that uses poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on hearts.
The proper use of Vizors once was made,
When only worn by such as own'd the Trade:
Though now all mingle with 'em so together,
That you can hardly know the one from t' other.
But 'tis no matter, on, pursue your Game,
Till wearied you return at last and tame;
Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe,
For when y'ave left your Stings behind you there:
You lazy Drones, ye shan't have harbour here.

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